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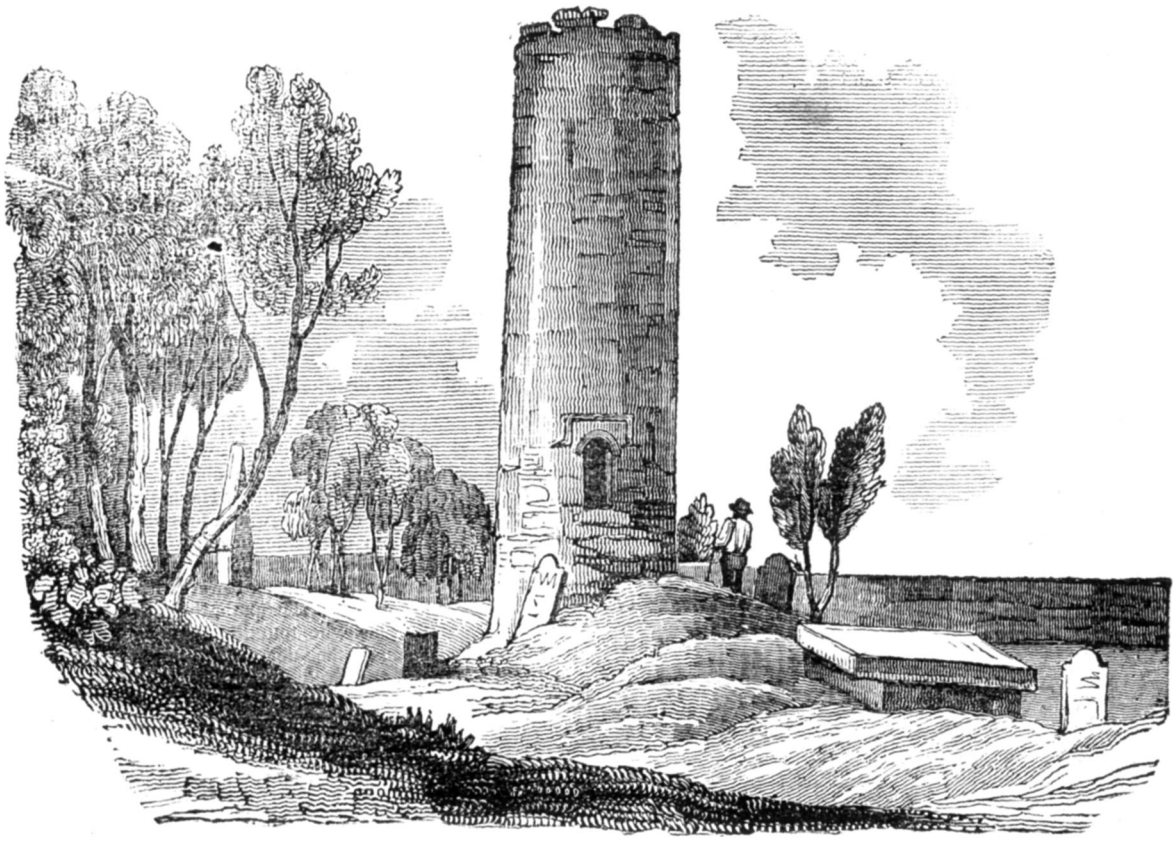

ARMOY ROUND TOWER.

On the northern coast, within about four miles of Ballycastle and one of Kenbaan Head, stands the remains of the Round Tower of Armoy. About forty-four feet of this ancient structure is still in a tolerable good state of preservation. Although differing in some respects from the three other towers to be met with in the same county, Antrim, Trummery, and Ram's Island; still there is nothing in its structure to call for a more particular observation than we have made in speaking of the Round Towers of Donaghmore and Antrim, in preceding numbers of the Journal.

It is our intention in some early number of our next volume, to give an article, with several descriptive engravings, on the beauties and natural curiosities of the Antrim coast, in which the Causeway shall occupy a prominent position. In the mean time, the engravings in our present number—the Round Tower and Cromleach, which are situated in the immediate vicinity of the Causeway, may be deemed interesting by persons visiting that great natural curiosity, and who may never before have had opportunity of seeing these ancient memorials of Ireland's former state.

ENGLISH CHURCHES AT LORAGH.

In my notice of the Abbey of Loragh, which appeared in the 86th number of your Journal, I hinted at giving in a succeeding number an account of other religious ruined buildings in that neighbourhood. I will now go on as far as my knowledge will allow in the fulfilment of my promise.

The small town of Loragh is in the barony of Lower Ormond, and county of Tipperary, midway between St. Ruan's Abbey and my present subject. It was a mean, and very poor village six or seven years ago, when its spirited owner, —— Toone, Esq., obtained for it a patent for four fairs in the year, which has occasioned it to thrive considerably. Notwithstanding the worthy gentleman just mentioned using great exertions for its prosperity, owing to its situation, it will hardly ever become a flourishing town; however, if a new road be made, as is contemplated, it will become a pretty good thoroughfare.—Tradition says, Loragh was formerly a large town, and situated on a rising ground not much more than a hundred perches to the south of where it now stands. This is most certain, for in ancient times the direct road from Nenagh to Banagher passed through it, and the streets may still be traced. The foundation of an abbey may also be seen within a short distance of where the town stood. Tradition would have it to be the first abbey founded at Loragh; but I am of a contrary opinion; for the site of the present one (it is natural to suppose) was chosen in preference to any other spot in the neighbour-

hood. The two buildings, called by the peasantry the English churches, were founded in the year 1269 by Walter de Burgo, for Preaching Friars, who inhabited them till Cromwell's time. The largest building measures ninety-four feet by twenty-three, on the inside; and was built partly on the plan of St. Ruan's abbey. It is greatly demolished—no part of the walls being to their original height, but the gable ends and some additions. The front wall is entirely taken away. The principal entrance (like St. Ruan's abbey) was in the west end, and is formed with a pointed arch, supported by clustered pillars elegantly wrought. There are some tomb-stones in the east end, but I believe it has discontinued to be a burying-place since the front wall was taken down; for pigs and cattle have liberty to traverse the consecrated ground, to the discredit of the people residing in its vicinity. This is hardly to be wondered at, when the burying-ground at the rere of the friary (which I am informed but a considerably short time ago was filled with graves), is now converted into a kitchen-garden. Indeed I was surprised to see heaps of bones turned up in every quarter. The small river of Loragh was, by means of a canal, conducted close by the friary, in order to convenience the fraternity, but has, once more, resumed the course where,

"Slow and in soft murmurs, nature bade it flow."

One of the buildings is small, not measuring more than thirty feet by twenty-six within the walls, exclusive of the church, but high, and remarkably well built—the back wall especially, which has no windows. Indeed, from its castellated buttresses and other features, it is very probable that it served for the double purpose of a religious and a military station. There is a small crypt in the west end, so peculiar to the religious edifices of the early English settlers. A few yards off is the base of an ancient cross, which was entire till about the year 1650, when Cromwell caused it to be broken. In the west side of the church-yard is such another, but in two divisions; whereas the one first mentioned was hewn out of a solid grit stone. Tradition says Cromwell caused the head friar to be shot; but I think it a tale unworthy of credit, for it says he was called St. Ruan, whom we know to have died many hundreds of years before Cromwell's unwelcome visitation.

T. A.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

AN INCIDENT ON THE SOUTHERN ROAD.

"Hallo, waiter."

"Coming, Sir."

"Has my horse been fed?"

"He has just had his oats, Sir."

"Did you see that his near hind shoe was secured, as I desired?"

"All's right, Sir; the smith is only this moment gone."

"Well, my good fellow, please to have him saddled and brought round in about half an hour; meantime, you may amuse yourself by making out my bill."

The servitor vanished, and the gentleman was left alone to his meditations and a pint of port. He was evidently an old and experienced traveller, well appointed in all respects for the road; he was a stout built, well-fed Englishman, exhibiting that thoughtful and practical expression of countenance which so much characterises the man of business in the sister island. He had already travelled twenty Irish miles, and nearly the same number yet intervened between where he then was, and the village at which he purposed to put up for the night. He had not been long in Ireland; and the tales he had read and heard repeated (too often grossly exaggerated) of pikes sixteen feet long, of houghings, burnings, and other aboriginal amusements, had not conveyed an over favourable impression regarding the country he had undertaken to journey through. Evening was fast closing in; and when from the window he looked on the wide black bog through which his road lay—presenting as it did, after a heavy day's wet in November, a dismal contrast to the level surface of the English 'turnpike road,'—and then turned alternately to the pleasant turf fire which glowed upon the hearth, and to the fine old wine that sparkled seductively in his glass, he sighed at the thought of resigning the comforts which these conferred, for the cheerless misery which that presented. He was not a man, however, to be easily depressed; so finishing his port, and ordering a few more sods to the fire, he mixed, by way of a finisher, a fiery tumbler, strongly impregnated with the 'spirit of the mountain.' He then turned his huge 'Petersham', so as to acquire more of the genial influence of the blazing turf, and proceeded to examine his arms. These consisted of a case of pistols splendidly mounted, feather-springed, and detonating. Having perfectly satisfied himself that no tricks had been played with their charges, he placed them carefully in the two-breast pockets of his great coat, situated inside the lining, so as to protect them alike from damp and prying observation. With such companions, he thought himself capable to face Collier* or even Captain Rock himself, should either venture to oppose him. The waiter now entered, and announced that his horse was ready; so, settling his bill, he arose, and tying a silk handkerchief round his throat, and pulling on his large 'fearnought,' mounted his horse—a fine strong animal, who answered his rider's caress by a spirited neighing; then, placing in his mouth a lighted cigar, and slipping a *douceur* into the ready hand of the officious hostler, who, in rather a mysterious tone, wished him "safe journey," the traveller rode off.

The night was becoming pitchy dark, and the rain, driven full in his teeth by a biting gust, was falling fast; but his horse, which possessed great strength and action, having been well refreshed, bore him gallantly; and, after an hour's good going, he calculated upon having distanced the inn eight or nine miles. As he advanced, however, the road became more hilly, broken, and difficult, and was in some places so narrow, that he was in danger of being swamped in the deep drains which ran parallel on each side, and he was therefore obliged to dismount and lead his horse by the bridle. Having proceeded a little further on, he came to where four roads crossed, and seeing a light in a miserable hovel, which was situated in a small field, a little from the way-side, he secured his horse to a tree, and advanced towards it, in order to ascertain his way correctly. His path, though short, like some passages in music, he found very difficult to get through. He had sunk knee-deep in the mire, and on attempting to cross a trench, fell into a pool of green and stagnant water, scrambling out of which, he straightway found himself in the company of a portly animal, "epicuri degrege porcum," who, with her infant progeny, bad been enjoying a profound repose. The noise occasioned by his unceremonious *entreè* seemed to cause great alarm in the hovel; the rushlight which had gleamed from the four-paned window (three of straw and one of glass) was instantly extinguished, and a loud and boisterous chorus became hushed in silence. Having made good his entrance, he found himself in a small earth-floored room, furnished with a deal table, flanked by low forms of the same material; at the head of the table sat three men, dressed in dark freize coats, all busily employed in inflicting summary justice upon a coarse cheese of home manufacture, and oaten bread, while occasionally they made acquaintance with a large black bottle, whose contents appeared somewhat more calorific than "blessed water from the spring." At the lower end of the table sat the mistress of the establishment, and four ragged half-starved children, engaged at their vesper-time meal, composed of that root which Malthus vituperates, and Sadler praises.

Our friend having procured the necessary information, requested the assistance of one of the youngsters, to guide him through the difficulties of the way. While he was speaking, he observed that one of the freize-coated personages, a pale, thin, determined-looking man, was eyeing him most scrutinizingly. Accompanied by the boy, the traveller took his departure—previously, however, requesting the company to feel no uneasiness from his visit, for he was neither a spy nor a still-hunter, a proctor nor a process-server on a professional tour. As he left the room, he noticed that the opposite apartment was used as a stable, and contained three horses ready saddled in

* The author is incorrect here; Collier confined his practice chiefly to the Northern line of business.